THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

If ZETETICUS, in his query respecting the polarity of the magnetic needle, in No. 43, intended it as a ridicule on philosophical investigation, he will no doubt smile at the ignorance of one, who shall attempt its solution; but if he is serious in his enquiry, and has in contemplation a tour to one of the planets, he may be assured, the magnetic needle will not be an accurate directer on his journey.

It has been a question of some standing amongst the schoolmen, whether the *Universe* was *finite or infinite*; and though philosophy seems to have decreed in favour of the former, by reason of its being made up of parts, and these parts being *finite*, the whole must be *finite* also; yet when we consider the prodigious bodies which are known to constitute our solar system, and the seeming immensity of space through which they range; together with the astonishing idea which philosophy suggests, of the fixed stars being so many suns, like ours, with each a system of planetary worlds revolving round it; that of these suns many are discoverable by the help of glasses, which do not appear to the naked eye, and that myriads more, in all probability, exist in the universe, which are not discernible by any efforts of man; the understanding fails in attempting to figure, even in idea, any distinct difference between such an *Universe* and *infinity*.

To assign to this stupendous and inconceivable system of the universe, one common axis, round which the incalculable myriads of worlds upon worlds shall revolve; and at the extremity, or poles of this axis, to conceive a planetary body stationed or revolving as an object of magnetic attraction, thus fitted, by its situation, not only to the accommodation of our inconsiderable planet [earth] but to that of all the planetary bodies in the universe, must be considered a bold, if not chimerical idea.

But the vanity of such a hypothesis, must abundantly appear from the phenomena of the magnetic needle. The variation or declination of the needle from the true north point, is a fact well known; and that this variation is at the same time different, in different places on our globe, is equally well established. The learned Dr. Halley made and collected a great number of observations to this effect; amongst which are the following: At Mountpelier in Lat. 13° 37′ North, and Long. 4° East from London, in the year 1774, the variation was 1° 10′ westerly; at Zocatra, in Lat. 12° 30′ North, and Long. 47° 30′ East, in the same year, the variation was 17° westerly.—Between the variations, there is an angle of 15° 30′.—The difference between the meridians of the two places, is not quite equal to half the semidiameter of the earth; the whole diameter of which is but 7970 English miles. The diameter of the earth's orbit round the sun is computed at 189,393,938 English miles. This amazing distance, when considered with reference to that of the nearest fixed star, is no more than a point, and forms with the star no perceivable angle; as appears by the earth's revolution round the sun, for from whatever point of the orbit the fixed stars are viewed, their relative situation remains the same. The poles of the universe (admitting such an idea correct) must be much more remote from us than the most distant visible fixed star; hence if the difference between two places were ten thousand times greater than the whole diameter of our earth, when considered with reference to an object stationed or revolving in the region of one of the poles, it would be no more than a point, and could form no perceivable angle; therefore on this hypothesis, there could be no variation of the magnetic needle, differing in one point on our globe, from that of another.

But if the magnetic needle were directed to, and influenced by any heavenly body whatever, there must be, either no variation at all, or otherwise there must be a daily variation; neither of which is the fact; for if the attracting body were stationed in an apparent direction with the poles of the earth, and constantly retained this position, it is evident there could be no variation; and if the attracting object were stationed or revolved out of this direction, it is equally evident, that the diurnal rotation of the earth on its axis, would produce a daily variation in the needle; first easterly, then elevated, then westerly, then depressed; hence it appears evident, that whatever may be the radical and influential cause of the magnetic direction, it must be in, or attracted to the earth, and with it revolve, in its diurnal rotation. It is possible notwithstanding, as suggested by Dr. Halley and some others, that the particular body attracting the needle, or in other words, the magnetic pole or poles, may move a small degree slower or faster round the axis of the earth, than the main body of the earth itself, and thereby perform, in a series of time, a complete revolution, or orbit round the earth's pole, thus producing the difference of variation in the same place, at different times. The very learned and ingenious author above cited, considers the earth as one great magnet, with several poles, and that in different places on the globe, the needle is influenced by different poles; thus accounting for the great difference of variation observable in different places; and by the revolution of these magnetic poles, as above stated, the difference of variation at different times. Room will not admit, in a single number of the Evening Fire-

side, a full discussion of this abstruce subject, the foregoing may suffice as to the query of ZETETICUS.

PLOWMAN.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

FAMILIAR EPISTLES. *Letter Second.*

To R——— Z———.

Again dear Dick, your distant friend,
Presumes his rambling rhyme to send,
From Ring-grove's healthful clime;
Where hilly ramparts towering rise,
And mingling with the azure skies,
Look awful and sublime.

Description never pleased my pen,
It loves to dwell on fellow-men,
Nor soar above its sphere:
And though its master loves to roam,
Mid haunts of airy sylph or gnome,
And trackless forests drear.

It seeks for subjects midst those scenes,
Where no tall mountain intervenes,
Nor thundering torrents foam;
And though sometimes it loves to dwell,
With hermit in his sylvan cell,
It mostly rambles *home*.

'Tis strange that from the scenes, endear'd
By much lov'd friends, for worth rever'd;
That man still loves to rove;—
Still seeks in distant realms to find,
That bliss that centers in the mind,
The source of joy and love.

Adventurous now he spreads the sail,
And courts the fresh'ning western gale,
To Indian climes explore;
Where GANGES rolls his rapid waves,
And SUPERSTITION bids her slaves,
Him as their God adore.

Wealth is the God the rover owns;
As fickle Fortune smiles or frowns,
He's happy or distress'd;
He thinks that bliss is only found,
Where mines enrich the sterile ground,
And Earth's in diamonds dress'd.

When laden with each climate's spoil,
Procur'd by ceaseless pain and toil;
He homeward bends his way;
Though on the bosom of the deep,
The winds in peaceful silence sleep,
And gentle zephyrs play.

Though safe once more he hails the place,
Where Memory bids her powers retrace,
The scenes of early youth;
Yet he has bid a long farewell,
To humble Virtue's modest cell,
To happiness and truth.

He finds no pleasures cheers his home,
For which he plough'd old ocean's foam,
And brav'd the adverse storm:
Gold he enjoys—but Happiness,
Flies from his anxious fond caress,
And hides her angel form.

Think you my friend! when Cortez bore,
His flag to Montezuma's shore,
And bathed his hands in blood;
For gold bade Desolation's form,
Direct dread War's destructive storm,
And pour the sanguine flood.

That Peace his throbbing temples crown'd,
Or calm content he ever found,
Midst hosts of slaughter'd foes?—
Or when across the boisterous main,
He sought his native shores again,
He e'er enjoy'd repose?

No! Memory's retrospective power,
In midnight's drear and silent hour,
Bid slaughter'd victims rise!
Their shadowy ghosts burst from the tomb,
And hideous flittering through the gloom,
Bade sleep desert his eyes.

For him Aurora leads in vain,
The blushing morning in her train,
No joy the light bestows:
Stern Conscience wakes her slumb'ring sting,
And fell Despair on raven wing,
Denies him calm repose.

Not all the wealth Peru can boast,
Not golden sands from Afric's coast,
Could Comfort's gleam impart;
And life prolong'd to age and pain,
Becomes as erst to wandering Cain,
A burthen to the heart.

Thanks to *our* stars, no new found world,
Has Conquest's crimson flag unfurl'd,
To tempt *us* o'er the main;
No new Potosi opes her stores,
Of glittering gems or golden ores,
To wake the thirst of gain.

Thus have I given you thoughts on wealth,
Which when compar'd with Peace or Health,
A worthless thing I deem;
It serv'd at least to pass the time,
And is, though couch'd in homely rhyme,
An interesting theme.

LYRICUS.

RING-GROVE, Aug. 12.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

[The following dissertation is in answer to ZETETICUS, who queries in our 43d No. whether a public speaker stationed near one side of a circular room of 90 feet diameter, would more easily make himself heard in every part of the room, than in a square one of the same capacity; and whether a dome ceiling 16 feet from the floor at the sides, and 27 in the centre, would be more eligible for a public speaker, than a flat one at the height of 16 feet. We regret that we are obliged to omit a part of this essay the present week, owing to our not having obtained the diagrams, to which reference is frequently made in the deductions from the premises here laid down.]

Lemmata, or preliminary propositions.

1. An elastic body impinging upon a fixed plane, is repelled in such manner that the angle of reflexion is equal to the angle of incidence; i. e. The line described by the elastic body in its approach to the fixed plane, and that described in its recess make equal angles with a line drawn from the point of impact, perpendicular to the plane. But those lines lie on opposite sides of the perpendicular.

This is easily shewn by experiment as well as by scientific reasoning; e. g. a ball thrown against a fixed obstacle—the rays of light falling on a mirror.

2. If a perfectly elastic body, in motion, strike another equal and perfectly elastic body, at rest; the striking body will immediately after the impact, become quiescent; and the quiescent one will move forward with the velocity of the other.

For, supposing them void of elasticity, they would move forward together after the stroke, with half the initial velocity of the striking body; the velocity being diminished in the same proportion as the mass is increased: whence half the original motion of the striking body, will, after the stroke, be retained by each—this effect, which in elastic bodies is the whole that takes place, is the consequence of the stroke—but on account of their elasticity, the sides, which are pressed inward by the congress of the bodies, will restore themselves to their original form with a force equal to that whereby their figure is changed, consequently their force will double the motion of the anterior body, and, by deducting as much from the following one, destroy its motion.

3. If an unelastic fluid, as water, be agitated by a force tending to move a part of the fluid alternately in opposite directions, circular waves consisting of alternate elevations and depressions, are produced. This appears from experiments.

4. If an elastic fluid, as air, be agitated as above, an undulating circular motion is produced—alternate condensations and rarefactions *here* taking the place of elevations and depressions.—See the remarks on the next lemma.

5. Sounds are produced by undulations or pulses of air; they are propagated in every direction, as mentioned in the above lemma, but are most intense in the direction towards which the sounding body tends to move the particles whereon it impinges.

That sound is produced by means of air, is evident from a well known phenomenon. A bell or other sonorous body produces no sound under an exhausted receiver; that it is produced by undulations of air is manifest from the effect of strong sounds, such as thunder, explosions of gun-powder, &c. Two musical strings, which are near each

other, if stretched in unison, are said to vibrate together, in consequence of a stroke upon either. The pulses consist of condensations and rarefactions, for if otherwise the undulations would only be sensible at the surface of the atmosphere. The pulses are propagated in all directions, for the sounds are heard only where the pulses strike. The pulses are most intense in the direction of their first impulse. For voices are strongest in those places toward which the speaker's face is directed. A gun, especially a great one, when fired, exhibits a striking proof of this truth.

6. Sound moves at the rate of about 1142 feet in a second of time. This is determined by experiment.

7. Two sounds succeeding each other at the interval of one-ninth of a second, cannot be clearly distinguished by the ear, and therefore two similar sounds proceeding from two bodies, one of which is not 127 feet further from the hearer than the other, fall on the ear in the same sensible time; consequently by this coincidence the intensity of each single perception is increased. The first is ascertained by experiment; the next is in consequence of the first compared with lemma 6th; for $\frac{1142}{9} = 127$ nearly.

These considerations premised; as much of the theory of sound as necessarily concerns our subject, may be contained in a few observations.

When the parts of a sonorous body, are agitated with a vibrating motion, they, by the first stroke, impinge on the portion of ærial particles which are contiguous to the body, these particles therefore yielding to the stroke, press upon those which lie beyond, and thus the air is condensed on the side toward which the stroke is made; but, in consequence of the air's elasticity, the condensed portion tends to regain the common rarity by pressing upon the particles which lie still further from the sounding body; condensation is thus propagated, in the manner of a wave, in the direction of the stroke, spreading, however, with less force into the spaces on each side. But on the recess of the parts of the sounding body, the space contiguous is left void, until the air, which had been presssed forward by the stroke, returns, by means of its elasticity, and, by thus returning, is expanded or rarefied, and by being rarefied its spring is weakened, whence the contiguous ulterior air will press back—whence a pulse of air consisting of a reciprocal motion of its particles, is produced by each vibration of the sounding body. These pulses are propagated with equal velocity in every direction, and as they expand, in receding from the centre of motion, their force diminishes; consequently the perception produced by them, on the drum of the ear, weakens with increasing distance. If we consider the several pulses of air, as distinct elastic bodies, striking against and communicating motion to other elastic bodies or parts of air at rest (as in lemma 2) it will appear, that, those pulses, which have thus communicated their motion to other parts, become thereupon quiescent, and move no more without a new impulse. But when a pulse of air impinges upon a fixed obstacle, it is reflected (as mentioned in lemma 1) so as to make the angle of reflexion equal to the angle of incidence; and thereby the motion of the pulses is continued in a new direction. Hence the formation of *echo*. From the 7th lemma it appears, that when a sound is, in part, reflected, by a fixed obstacle, so as to produce an echo, no confusion arises, unless the distance traversed by the reflected sound, before and after reflexion, exceed the distance passed through by that part of the sound which falls directly upon the ear, by an interval equal to, or greater than 127 feet. Within this limit the echo increases the perception of the direct sound. This limit is doubtless near the truth, it is not, however, to be considered as capable of mathematical accuracy.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ODE TO FANCY.

Fancy! thou dear delusive power,
In all thy winning charms appear,
Cheer with thy smiles the ling'ring hour,
And fix thy airy empire here.

Deck with thy magic art the view,
Which hope presents my anxious eye;
Gild it with every rainbow hue,
That glitters in the evening sky.

Weave pleasing visions round my head,
When sleep's soft guardians o'er me spread:
Their powerful antidote of care,
Of ever anxious doubt and gloomy dark despair.

When musing on my Anna's charms,
I court thy gay fantastic power;
Despel love's jealous fond alarms,
That cloud with care the blissful hour.

And when I dream that Fortunes smiles,
Will crown my efforts with success;
Be near with all thy winning wiles,
And cheat me into happiness.

For why should Truth severe, destroy
The air-built fabrick of my joy,
Or sad reality betray,
The emptiness of bliss and breathe my dreams away.

Though round my solitary dome,
No jewels spread their sparkling rays;
Though wealth within my humble home,
No useless ornament displays;

Yet with thy power supremely bless'd,
I'll envy not the pageant Pride:
But feel within my careless breast,
A pleasure ne'er to wealth allied.

I'll picture scenes of future joy,
Of happiness no cares alloy,
Nor at my lowly sphere repine,
While more than wealth can boast the nymph Content is mine.

But ah! if on thy magic glass,
Should haggard WANT a glance bestow!
What spectre forms athwart it pass,
Distorted images of woe.

FAMINE with all her direful train,
With meagre form and hollow eye;
DISTRACTION'S vacant stare, and PAIN,
And conscious GUILT and INFAMY;

In quick succession to his heart,
Misery's bitterest pangs impart:
While in the dark perspective seen,
Death in terrific garb, presents his ghastly mein.

LYRICUS.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Editors,

Although a variety of subjects has claimed the attention of the writers in the Evening Fire-side, there yet remains one, on which a friend to propriety begs leave to make a few remarks. Since a knowledge of the art of printing has become general, the increase of books has put it into the power of most people to acquire, in a greater or less degree, a knowledge of the art of reading—this acquirement, however, is obviously superficial—and will, I trust, justify a few strictures. Sterne, in his Sentimental Journey, has given us a catalogue of the different kind of travellers; my object, in writing this essay, is to give you a description of the several varieties of readers: I shall divide them into three distinct classes, viz. the *simple*, the *pompous*, and the *sensible*.

By the first of these I would be understood to mean all those who read in the same unvaried tone every species of composition, & who take up books more with a design to make people think they are bookish and sedate, than to gratify their own taste—these may be immediately recognized on their entering a house, as they lay hold of the first book that happens to come in their way, and begin im-

mediately, in violation of the dictates of good manners, to pore over the pages with all the apparent interest of the most profound philosopher, without knowing at the end of one hour what they have been perusing. This class should also include those harmonious vociferators of the Holy bible, and other religious books, especially on the sabbath day, to the *great edification* of their hearers; who, listening with all attention, understand very little or nothing of what they hear, from the absolute sacrifice of all sense to melodious sound.

The pompous reader is ever ready to display, by the help of good lungs, and a smattering in the art of reading, his skill in placing his emphasis, and (may I not say in) stunning his audience; entirely disregarding those gentle inflexions and intonations of the voice, which would engage the attention of the hearer, and set off to advantage the meaning of the author. In this class I would rank those who are more fond of hearing *themselves* read, than others are of hearing them; and who, without liberty granted them, are ever ready to fill our ears with whatever comes in their way, whether contrary to our inclination or not.

The sensible reader rightly considers, that the object for which all audible reading in company is performed, ought to be to convey the meaning of the author with the greatest clearness possible; and in such a manner as to afford the highest satisfaction to his hearers: he considers it an object less worthy of his attention, to tune a chapter in the bible or testament, than to understand what he reads, and to make it be understood by others. He is more gratified at hearing the author's good sense applauded, than the power of his lungs commended: he neither cloys with diversity, nor fatigues with monotony: he pleases while he instructs; and in his exertions for the sake of his company he does not, by the contortions of his face, and the clearing of his throat, continually remind them that he is sacrificing his own comfort on their accounts; he reads with ease to himself, and is therefore heard with pleasure by his audience; he is free from affectation and pomposity, and therefore does not disgust: in short, he understands what he reads, and is consequently well understood.

ANONYMOUS.

White-Hall, Nov. 11, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ON SLAVERY.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

——What groans from Afric's sultry plain,
Roll'd their deep murmurs o'er the western main:
Heart-drawn—what frantic widows rend the hair,
What childless parents pine in mute despair!
What orphan'd babes in fostering plenty bred,
Close the glar'd eye, and droop the fainting head!
Slavery! dire fiend of hell, by tyrant laws,
And savage custom nurs'd the baneful cause;
In heaven's fair face a brother's life is sold,
And human blood exchang'd for worthless gold!
Must the sweet plague* at such a price be bought?
Are Virtue, Reason, Nature, all forgot?
One common Father form'd each kindred frame,
One common will inspir'd the vital flame:
By the same laws we breathe an equal air,
Fruits of one love and objects of one care:—
What Nature grants, can freeborn hands produce,
See the bond-tree distil its nectar'd juice.
The bubbling pot its thicken'd treasure hold,
And the grain'd sugar fill the canic mould.

Columbia, rouse! the unhallow'd chains unbind,
Ev'n the fierce tyger preys not on his kind.
Let Christian hearts with Christian zeal expand,
To the scarr'd negro, reach a saving hand;
His country's wrongs with earnest warmth embrace,
And wash this scandal from the human race.

C.

1804.

For the Evening Fire-side.

INDUSTRY.

Diligence is good on every laudable occasion. While the idle pass many hours in heaviness and insipidity, the industrious, by moderate exercise, find double satisfaction, in composure of spirit and hope of reward. Manual labour is equipoising to the mind, having a tendency to keep it from the slackening effects of levity, and, to prevent thoughtfulness from becoming too intense:—reading and study are beneficial in contributing to intellectual improvement. Industry is rewarded, immediately by its salutary effects upon the mind, and, afterwards by its attendant fruits.

LACONICUS.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

From the Balance.

AMERICAN CAPTIVES IN TRIPOLI.

Extract from the journal of Dr. Cowdery, kept during his captivity in Tripoli.

[CONTINUED.]

November 17.—Visited our sick,† who were quartered in a small house without a floor, near the palace, and about half a mile from our lodgings. The Danish consul supplied the sick with fresh provisions, by the request of Capt. Bainbridge.

November 20.—The minister permitted us to purchase our clothes. We got but a few, and at a high rate. One of our men, by the name of Thomas Prince, turned Turk, and was admitted into the Palace.

November 21.—After visiting our sick, I was permitted to go with our droger-man about the town to purchase medicine, but found but a few articles. A man of 116 years of age came to have me cure him of deafness.

November 24.—The Bashaw refused to furnish necessary cloathing for the sick, or any thing for them to eat but sour filthy bread. Captain Bainbridge contracted with the Danish consul to supply the sick with beef and vegetables for soup every day.

November 27.—Our men complained of their hard usage, in being compelled to lie on the cold, damp ground—to eat bad bread—to work hard, and to be bastinadoed by their drivers.

November 30.—One of our men in a fit of despair attempted to kill himself; but was prevented by the Turks, when in the act of cutting his throat. The wound did not prove mortal. I was permitted by the minister to call on the Spanish physician for medicine for Doctor Ridgley, who was then sick.

December 5.—The Bashaw sent for me to prescribe for himself and two officers of his body guard, and ordered me to get such medicine as was necessary of the minister, who had a medicine chest.

December 6.—Visited the sick at the palace, and found them all better. I was received and treated very politely. The minister sent for me to cure him of a blindness of his left eye. I prescribed for him with very little success.

December 7.—Visited the Ambassador of Constantinople, who was affected with the intermitting fever. Found my patients at the palace almost well.

December 8.—Received several natural curiosities of Tripoli from Mr. Nissen.

December 9.—Visited the Turkish ambassador and found him better. He asked many questions about America, and treated me with coffee.

December 10.—Visited the Turkish Officer, where I found a captain of one of the Grand Seignor's ships of war, who

* SUGAR.

† As this was Dr. Cowdery's daily practice, we shall omit the repetition of it. [*Edit. Balance.*]

tame to Tripoli to carry presents to the Grand Seignior. The Tripolitan captain who took the brig from Philadelphia, capt. Morris, was also there. He was very inquisitive about our country and our navy.

December 12.—Was called on by the General of Marine to visit his principal secretary. Before I was permitted to give any medicine the Turks, six in number, with *Hamet*, our droger-man, surrounded the sick man, and offered a prayer to Mahomet. The sick man then told me that if I would cure him he would be very thankful, and would speak to the Bashaw in our favour.

December 15.—The Bashaw had a schooner launched, which was built by the Spanish carpenters. She was tolerably handsome, and was calculated to carry six guns. When she was launched three guns were fired from the batteries, and the consuls all hoisted their colours. At sun-set, a firing from the batteries, announced the commencement of the Mahometan *Ramadam*, continuing a lunar month, in which they neither eat, drink, nor smoke, while the sun is above the horizon, but feast at night. In walking through the town to visit my patients, I found the mosque and principal houses illuminated, and the people rejoicing.—Passing the coffee-house with our droger-man, *Lysle*, a renegado Scotchman, who was now the Tripolitan Admiral, called me in to drink coffee with him, and was very polite.

December 16.—Visited the marine secretary, and found him in a state of great debility. Could not prevail on him to take any medicine, or the least kind of nourishment. He said he would rather die than offend Mahomet by breaking the *Ramadam*; but would take whatever I should advise, at night.

December 20.—The market was so poor that we could get nothing for dinner, but the shoulder of a poor dromedary.

January 1.—Was called to visit the Bashaw's child, about eleven months old. The Bashaw seemed much affected on my pronouncing the child dangerous; and wished me to pay every attention to it, saying, any thing that he could afford should be at my service.

January 2.—Found the Bashaw's child better, at which he expressed great satisfaction, and offered me a horse and servant to go to his gardens, about two miles from town. I preferred walking, and took our droger-man with me. As I passed out at the gate of the city, I saw a man's head sticking on a pole. On enquiry, I found that it was the head of one of the *Bedouins*, who about a year before, killed the son-in-law of the Bashaw, who commanded the army in collecting the taxes in the back part of his dominions. About a quarter of a mile from the gate, the road passed through a burying ground full of graves. After this, I came into a well cultivated country, which was laid out in squares of from one to six or eight acres, each surrounded with date trees, interspersed with with orange, fig, olive, lemon and other trees. On coming to Admiral Lysle's garden, we found him there, and he invited me in. It was very beautiful. He loaded me with its fruits, and offered me access to it whenever I chose, and said I was welcome to any thing growing in it. I concluded to postpone going to the Bashaw's garden until another day.

January 3.—Went to the Bashaw's garden, where I met the minister and the prince, the Bashaw's eldest son.—They politely conducted me through the garden, which was ornamented with a great variety of fruit trees, loaded with fruit, particularly with oranges, lemons and limes. John Hilliard died in the evening.

January 4.—William Anderson died.

January 12.—The Bashaw's eldest daughter was married to Selim, the Bashaw's chief *castleda* or treasurer.—Wilson, who was one of our quartermasters, and lately turned traitor and Turk, received 500 bastinadoes for quarrelling with the noted Lysle.

January 14.—The minister of foreign affairs, Sidi Mahomet Dacize visited our prison. The month's fasting *(Ramadam)* ended this day at the change of the moon. The Tripolitans fired a salute from our ship, which lay moored in the harbour within sight of our window.

January 15.—The feast called *Byram* commenced. Every gun in Tripoli was fired in honor of the day. Every Turk put on his best suit, and there was a general rejoicing.

January 16.—Capt. Bainbridge and Lieutenant Porter were invited and accordingly visited the Bashaw, with all the consuls.

January 17.—The *Byram* ended this evening. The consuls, the ships in the harbour, and the castle displayed their colours during the three days. The rejoicing was great, but neither elegance nor taste was discoverable.

January 18.—By permission visited the triumphal arch which was built at the time the Romans conquered this country. It is dedicated to Augustus Cæsar—is very large, built of fine marble, and is full of engravings and inscriptions in tolerable perfection. It stands near the Marinery.

January 19.—The Bashaw's agent sent us a present of tea, coffee and sugar, and a lamb, probably to induce us to buy a quantity of old clothes taken from us, for which they asked 600 dollars.

Diet at this time, two eggs and a piece of bread, with rain water for breakfast and supper—poor beef or camel's flesh, bread, and sometimes boiled cabbage, with rain water, for dinner.

February 3.—Was conducted to the castle to visit the Bashaw, whom I found, after passing several centinels, about fifty fierce yelping dogs, and three heavy doors loaded with irons and bolts, which were opened for us by armed Mamelukes. Prescribed for the Bashaw's disorder.

February 6.—The Bashaw sent for me to come to his room in the castle. He shook hands with me, received me with much politeness, and requested me to pay every attention to his family as a physician.

February 10.—The Bashaw gave the officers permission to walk out into the town and country, but not to visit the consuls nor the batteries. Our droger-man Hamet, was ordered to walk with us, and direct us where to go. We went out six at a time.

February 16.—Prescribed for the Bashaw's eldest daughter. Her husband offered me many civilities. At 5 o'clock, P. M. were informed that two English merchantmen were standing in for the harbour. They proved, however, to be the two vessels under the command of Captain Decatur. About 11 at night, we were alarmed by a most hideous yelling and screaming from one end of the town to the other, and a firing of cannon from the castle. On getting up and opening the window which faced the harbour, we saw the frigate Philadelphia in flames.

February 17.—The Turks appeared much disheartened at the loss of their frigate. A strong guard was put at our door, and we were forbid going out. I was forbid visiting our sick. It was reported that an American schooner and three boats set fire to the ship. Two Turks escaped, who told this news. They said that eight Turks had charge

of the ship, and they supposed the other six were carried off by the Americans. Our droger-man informed us that we were to be moved from our present habitation into the castle.

February 18.—A guard of about twenty Turks was at our door. I asked permission to visit our sick, and was refused. A gloomy aspect continued on the faces of the inhabitants for the loss of the frigate.

February 19.—Again asked permission to visit our sick, and was refused.

February 20.—Permitted to visit the sick. Found the town full of country militia and our guard doubled.

February 21.—Our prison was kept full of Turks to guard us. The Bashaw, having got a little over his fright, consented to led us remain where we were.

February 24.—We were forbid sending letters to our friends, without first shewing them to the Bashaw or his ministers. The last letters we received, were broken open by the latter, before they were delivered to us.

(To be continued.)

A brief sketch of the origin and present state of the city of Philadelphia. 1804.

Philadelphia is the capital of Pennsylvania, and the chief city of the United States, in point of size and splendour; though it now fills but the second rank in respect to commercial importance: the trade of America having latterly flowed more freely into the open channels of the bay of New-York. It must also yield metropolitan precedence to the doubtful policy of a *Seat of Government, far removed from the centre of wealth and population*, the pendulum of national activity, which must long vibrate (perhaps forever) between Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New-York; a chain of commercial cities, whose vigorous impulse is already accelerated by the bold ramification of turnpikes and canals.

Philadelphia is situated about 40 degrees north of the equator, and 75 west of London; being in the same parallel of latitude with Spain, Italy, and Greece; climates, whose happy temperature had already indicated for Pennsylvania a milder winter, before the original frosts of November and December, by which the first adventurers were sometimes frozen up in the Delaware, had evidently yielded to the qualifying effects of exposing the surface of the earth to the rays of the sun.

Its founder, the benevolent and pacific William Penn, denominated it PHILADELPHIA, or the city of BROTHERLY LOVE, from a town in ancient Greece, so named in honour of the fraternal attachment of Attalus and Eumenes; and afterwards famous in the Christian World, for one of the Seven Churches to which St. John addressed his prophetic visions—A name methinks of auspicious omen: "Behold," says the inspired Apostle, to the Angel of the church in Philadelphia, "I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it." Religious liberty is here a chartered right, the policy, as well as the equity of which, to say nothing of its consistency with the spirit of that religion which breathes peace on earth, and good will to men, is happily confirmed in these latter ages of the church, by the harmony and fellowship in which the various Professors of the modern Philadelphia so peculiarly fraternize.

PENN had been concerned in the settlement of New-Jersey, some years before he obtained from Charles II, a grant of the territory on the western side of the Delaware. The Dutch and Swedes were then numerous at Upland (now Chester), at New-Castle, and at the Hœrkills (now Lewis-Town), and a number of his brethren in religious profession, had already established themselves at Shackamaxon (now Kensington, a suburb of Philadelphia) in the year 1678; when a ship, called the Shield, of Stockton, the first that had ever ventured to sail so high up the river, in tacking about, ran her bowsprit among the trees which lined the shore where the city now stands; and the New Comers on board, bound for Burlington, then remarked to each other, that *it would be a fine place for a town.*

The royal grant passed the great seal on the 4th of March, 1681; and in August the following year, the venerable Legislator of Pennsylvania set sail from London, in the ship Welcome, Capt. Greenway.

The Proprietor was accompanied by a hundred of his friends and fellow professors, contemptuously called Quakers, by their haughty countrymen, because, in their religious meetings, like the Faithful of every age, they sometimes trembled at the word of God.

A prosperous gale wafted the Patriarchs of Pennsylvania, in six weeks, to the friendly coast of America; and the Proprietary landed at New-Castle, on the 24th of October, under the acclamations of the Dutch Settlers, who accompanied him to Upland, the principal Swedish settlements, where he collected an assembly of all the Freemen of the Province, by whom his jurisdiction was unanimously recognised and confirmed.

It was here that the Father of his country made a treaty with the harmless Natives, which was to last, in the figurative style of those nervous Aborigines, who have since been so grossly misrepresented by European Theorists, *as long as the trees should grow, or the waters run.*—A treaty that was faithfully observed by both parties (let the Potentates of Europe blush) through a happy period of eighty successive years; and that has since been consigned to historic immortality by the patriotic pencil of a Descendant of one of the peaceful Assistants, now the first Painter of the Age.*

The founder of Pennsylvania was not long in fixing upon a situation that seemed prepared by nature, perhaps by Providence, for the sudden growth of his future capital. The spot was then covered with timber, its foundation was a stratum of potter's clay, the harbour furnished a bed of sand, the nearest hills contained quarries of stone, the vicinity yielded limestone and marble, and the penetration of intelligent Observers, discovered mines of coal and iron, upon the navigable branches of the Delaware, long before the new settlement afforded hands to work them.

It is an extensive plain, five miles above the confluence of two navigable rivers, the Delaware and the Schuylkill; the former, though 120 miles from the sea, being there a mile in breadth, and deep enough for vessels of 1200 tons; the latter, half as wide as the Thames at London, being also navigable as high as the scite of the town.

Some families of Swedes and Fins had obtained by settlement, the right of possession. They willingly sold, or exchanged, their claim; and by the end of the year 1682, the ground plot of the future city was regularly laid out. Nine streets two miles in length, run east and west, from river to river, and twenty-three, of a mile, intersect them at right angles, from north to south. None of these are less than fifty feet wide, and they distribute the plan into squares, the interior of which was designed for yards and gardens. Two main streets of a hundred feet wide, cross each other in the centre, and form a Public square, of which four more were laid out in the different quarters of the city; and a range of houses for the principal Inhabitants was intended to open upon the water, in the same manner of the celebrated Bomb Quai at Rotterdam; for which purpose the ware-houses, &c. along the river, were intended to have been kept from rising above the bank. But cupidity (perhaps convenience) has crowded the platforms between the streets with narrow alleys; the Public Squares, except that only in the centre, have been otherwise appropriated, and the bank of the river has been built up with a row of houses that now intercept from the City the intended view of the Port.

Four score houses and cottages were erected within the year, one of which is now occupied as a Tavern, The sign of the Boatswain and Call, at the corner of Front and Dock streets, and another that was the City residence of William Penn, is yet standing in Black-horse alley directly back of Lætitia court, whch was so named from one of the daughters of the Proprietary. Opposite to the latter, in the middle of Market-Street, there stood for many years a monument of primitive simplicity, a wooden Jail, that was seldom inhabited by any body but the Jailor.

* Benjamin West, President of the Royal Academy of London.

The first child born in the new city, by name John Key, lived to his 85th year; one Edward Drinker, who was born in a cave under the bank of Delaware, survived till the declaration of Independence, when the capital of the United States, was estimated to contain 6,000 houses, and 40,000 people; and there is a widow Lady yet living, whose mother arrived from England when there were but three houses in Philadelphia.

The State House or Town Hall, a substantial edifice of 200 feet front, including the wings, was erected within half a century after the woods were cleared away from its scite; the first Episcopal church was soon afterward ornamented with a steeple that may vie in point of elegance, with any spire in Europe; and, while Pennsylvania was still a dependant colony, scarcely distinguished on the other side of the Atlantic among twelve adjacent provinces of the British empire in America, a new Prison was erected, sufficiently capacious for the future introduction of the philanthropic reform that has since converted our jails into manufactories, and our Criminals into Manufacturers.

During the revolutionary war, the capital of the struggling colonies remained stationary, or rather retrogaded, under the occupation of the Royal Army, by whom however, the houses were first numbered, and a floating bridge was thrown across the Schuylkill.

The western improvements then scarcely extended half a mile from the Delaware, and it was a country walk for the Citizens to go to the Hospital, the Swedes church, or the ship-yards at Kensington.

Since the revolution, so happily terminated by the Independence of the United States, under the disinterested co-operation of a Franklin, in counsel, a Morris, in finance, and a Washington, in the field, Philadelphia has increased with astonishing rapidity, notwithstanding the ravages of a mortal fever, introduced from the pestilential atmosphere of the western Archipelago, where it has been excited to unusual virulence by the civil wars of St. Domingo.

A superb edifice of the Corinthian order, with a majestic portico of six fluted columns of white marble, was then building for the reception of the Bank of the United States, a vigorous offspring of the Federal Constitution, that had been framed in 1788, and was organized in the following year, by the patriotic Washington, on being voluntarily ratified by two-thirds of the Thirteen Independent States, which then formed the American Union. Thus exhibiting to the expecting world, a first example of a great Nation reforming a defective system of government, without unsheathing the sword.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Capability Browne.

This celebrated layer out of ground, whose Christian name was Launcelot but who was commonly called *Capability Browne*, from his favorite phrase (when he approved of the ground) of saying, "it had its capability," was no less distinguished in his profession than for the plainness and integrity of his mind in all transactions. Being one day consulted by a Baronet, of an ancient family but no very large estate about improving his grounds; and the Baronet having suggested a number of very expensive alterations, Browne heard him with great attention, and thus replied: "Why, sir John, I grant the ground has its capabilities, and all of what you propose may be done, and even more, and what is still better, I must get a great deal of money by the job, which will take up several years; but I have one question to ask you, previous to our commencement on this business,——"Have you provided for your younger children?" This blunt question had its proper effect. The Baronet shook him by the hand, and led him back to the dining parlour, where they drank another bottle, and the improvements were totally laid aside.

An original Letter from Dr. Johnson to an intimate Friend, on the death of his wife.

March 17, 1752.

Dear Sir,

Notwithstanding the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces upon us, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day—such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burden, but crushes as a blow.

There are evils which happen out of the common course of nature, against which it is no reproach not to be provided. A flash of lightning intercepts the traveller in his way. The concussion of an earthquake heaps the ruins of cities upon their inhabitants. But other miseries time brings, though silently, yet visibly forward, by its own lapse, which yet approaches unseen, because we turn our eyes away; and seize us unresisted, because we could not arm ourselves against them, but by setting them before us.

That it is vain to shrink from what cannot be avoided, and to hide that from ourselves which must sometimes be found, is a truth which we all know, but which all neglect; and perhaps none more than the speculative reasoner, whose thoughts are always from home, whose eye wanders over life, whose fancy dances after meteors of happiness kindled by itself, and who examines every thing rather than his own state.

Nothing is more evident than that the decays of age must terminate in death. Yet there is no man (says Tully) who does not believe that he may yet live another year; and there is none who does not, upon the same principle, hope another year for his parent or friend: but the fallacy will be in time detected: the last year, the last day, will come; it has come, and is past. "The life which made my own life pleasant is at an end, and the gates of death are shut upon my prospects."

The loss of a friend on whom the heart was fixed, to whom every wish and endeavour tended, is a state of desolation in which the mind looks abroad impatient of itself, and finds nothing but emptiness and horror. The blameless life—the artless tenderness—the pious simplicity—the modest resignation—the patient sickness, and the quiet death—are remembered only to add value to the loss—to aggravate regret for what cannot be amended—to deepen sorrow for what cannot be recalled.

These are the calamities by which Providence gradually disengages us from the love of life. Other evils fortitude may repel, or hope may mitigate; but irreparable privation leaves nothing to exercise resolution, or flatter expectation. The dead cannot return, and nothing is left here but languishment and grief.

Yet such is the course of nature, that whoever lives long must outlive those whom he loves and honours. Such is the condition of our present existence, that life must one time lose its associations, and every inhabitant of the earth must walk downward to the grave alone and unregarded, without any partner of his joy or grief, without any interested witness of his misfortune or success. Misfortunes indeed he may yet feel, for where is the bottom of the misery of man! but what is success to him who has none to enjoy it? Happiness is not found in self-contemplation; it is perceived only when it is reflected from another.

We know little of the state of departed souls, because such knowledge is not necessary to a good life. Reason deserts

us at the brink of the grave, and gives no farther intelligence. Revelation is not wholly silent: "There is joy among the angels of heaven over one sinner that repenteth." And surely the joy is not incommunicable to souls disentangled from the body, and made like angels.

Let hope, therefore, dictate, what revelation does not confute—that the union of souls may still remain; and that we, who are struggling with sin, sorrow, and infirmities, may have one part in the attention and kindness of those who have finished their course, and are now receiving their reward.

These are the great occasions which force the mind to take refuge in religion. When we have no help in ourselves, what can remain but that we look up to a higher and a greater power? And to what hope may we not raise our eyes and hearts, when we consider that the greatest power is the best?

Surely there is no man who, thus afflicted, does not seek succour in the gospel, which has brought life and immortality to light? The precepts of Epicurus, which teach us to endure what the laws of the universe make necessary, may silence, but not content us. The dictates of Zeno, who commands us to look with indifference on abstract things, may dispose us to conceal our sorrow, but cannot assuage it. Real alleviation of the loss of friends, and rational tranquility in the prospect of our own dissolution, can be received only from the promise of him in whose hands are life and death; and from the assurances of another and better state, in which all tears shall be wiped away from our eyes, and the whole soul shall be filled with joy. Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but religion only can give patience.

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—The lateſt arrivals from Europe bring accounts of great warlike preparations, the raiſing of recruits, the march of armies, &c. &c. From theſe numerous articles of intelligence, we have ſelected ſuch as may tend to give our readers a view of the ſtate of affairs among the contending parties, without entering into a tedious detail of their various movements.

War has not been declared, nor hoſtilities been commenced, unleſs the ſeizure of the territory of the Elector of Bavaria, by the Emperor of Auſtria, is to be regarded as ſuch. This event took place about the middle of September. As the Elector of Bavaria is guaranteed in his dominions by France, we cannot ſee that hoſtilities can be avoided.

Of the Armies.—The French army has croſſed the Rhine in three places, and is commanded by Bonaparte in perſon, who had arrived at Straſburg. The Auſtrian army has been prompt in entering Bavaria, and was animated by the preſence of the Emperor of Auſtria. The Ruſſian army in two divisions were advancing through Gallicia, and were expected to form a junction with the Auſtrian army in Germany, ſome time in October. The Auſtrian army in Italy is commanded by the archduke Charles, and that of the French by Maſſena.

Of Peace.—Some efforts were ſtill making by the king of Pruſſia, for its preſervation, but it was thought without any proſpect of ſucceſs. This cautious government had determined to maintain its neutrality, notwithſtanding there are ſome vague articles inſerted in the French and Auſtrian journals, which indicate a diſpoſition in Pruſſia to adopt a different conduct.

On every ſide, the moſt active preparations for war were making, particularly in France.

The French government has demanded of the Electors of Baden and Wirtemberg, the free paſſage of their army through thoſe countries, and an auxiliary force of ten thouſand men of each Elector. This demand has been refuſed for the preſent, and couriers have been ſent to Berlin, Vienna, and Peterſburgh, to requeſt aſſiſtance in caſe of neceſſity.

The Prussian Miniſter, Count Haugwitz, has been recalled from his retreat in Sileſia, and ſent to Vienna, to ſettle, if poſſible, the differences between the two cabinets.

Bonaparte's Equipage has actually arrived at Straſburg, and upwards of 90,000 men are by this time collected on the banks of the Rhine.

The Swiſs have applied to the Auſtrian and French governments for permission to remain neutral; but their requeſt has been rejected on both ſides. The Auſtrians, however, are expected to be the firſt to take poſſeſſion of that country.

The Elector of Heſſe Caſſel has an army of 36,000 men on foot. The French have demanded a paſſage through his territories, but have been refuſed.

A new levy of recruits in Ruſſia, has been ordered to the amount of 150,000 men.

By order of Bonaparte, the city of Frankfort has been obliged to demoliſh its fortifications.

The French have ordered away their artillery from Cuxhaven, and every day the diſtreſſed inhabitants of the banks of the Elbe, expect their emancipation from the invaders.

The third Ruſſian army which is aſſembling at Wilna, will be commanded by the Emperor of Ruſſia in perſon.

The Swediſh army is all in motion; ſeveral more regiments are ordered to Pomerania.

The combined fleet which has put into Cadiz, will go to Carthagena, and take with it ſeven ſhips in that port. It will thence ſail for Toulon, where there are ſtill four or five ſhips of the line; ſo that the force of this fleet will be 50 ſhips of the line.

A Ruſſian army of 60,000 men, commanded by General Michelſon, is at preſent in the neigbourhood of Warſaw, and it is to proceed to the Auſtrian ſtates in the event of war.

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DOMESTIC. An elegant new Bridge over the Connecticut River at Springfield has lately been completed, which is pronounced by connoiſſeurs in architecture, one of the beſt of its kind in America; combining in its appearance, elegance and neatneſs with ſtrength and durability.

Its length is	- - -	1234 feet.
Breadth	- - - -	30
Heighth from low water	-	40

It conſiſts of ſix arches ſupported by two abutments and five piers of ſtone—the piers 25 feet in height from low water mark, each in breadth 21 feet, and in length up and down the ſtream 62 feet. Each pier and abutment contains about 2000 tons of ſtone.

At the diſtance of 80 rods above the bridge, are erected two guard piers, or ice-breakers—the ſtone wrought into theſe, when connected with thoſe which are ſunk about the piers of the bridge, for their ſecurity, and thoſe contained in the piers and abutments themſelves, make an aggregate of 18,000 tons.

The length of the curve of each arch, is 187 feet, the chord 180 feet.

This bridge is ſo conſtructed with frames upon each pier connected by long timbers with the arches, that the traveller paſſes over nearly the whole extent of it on an elevated plane, affording a view of extenſive landſcapes, in which are blended well cultivated fields, pleaſant villages, rivers and meadows—lofty mountains, and indeed a wilderneſs and variety in the beauties of nature, which is highly gratifying to the eye.

During the laſt week, 18 adults and 7 children were interred in the ſeveral burying grounds of this city and liberties.

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